

KUROKI ADDEES CAPSIZE "BOOKIES" AT RACE TRACK

Hero of the Yalu Greeted with Rousing Enthusiasm at Belmont Park—He Makes a Trip in the Subway in Rush Hours.

Gen. Kuroki, the war hero of Japan, was greeted with rousing cheers this afternoon as he entered the Belmont Park race track with five other Japanese officers under escort of Major Charles Lynch, U. S. A. The great little warrior doffed his shining silk hat to the crowd in the betting line and the bookmakers neglected business long enough to shout "Banzi!"

"Here is a list of good things, General," said a barker of "tips" at the gate entrance. "They're yours with my compliments." Other tipsers followed suit and a shower of "tip" envelopes dropped into Gen. Kuroki's auto.

S. S. Howland, general manager of the Westchester Racing Association, took the guests in hand and the entire party had luncheon at the old Manice House, now used by the Turf and Field Club.

After luncheon the olive-skinned little fighter was taken through the betting ring by Messrs. Howland and Belmont, under escort of Robert Pinkerton and ten detectives. Hats were thrown in the air, wild cheers came on all sides and for five minutes confusion reigned. The twelve several persons were knocked down.

Henry Hauff and George Rose, bookmakers, were pushed off their stools and trampled upon. George Wheelock, the plunger bookie, was also knocked down. He struck his head on a steel pillar and was dazed for a minute, but the injury was not serious.

When the little Jap general heard that James R. Keene had named three horses after famous Japanese warriors—Oyama, Noji and Kuroki himself, he expressed a desire to meet him. August Belmont introduced them and they had a chat through an interpreter, John W. Gates, who has large interests and a home at Port Arthur, Texas, named after the district town, was next introduced. Capt. Tanaka, the interpreter, told this chief that Gates often "bets a million."

Wondered at the Bookies.
"All very interesting," Gen. Kuroki remarked. "Who are those wild-eyed men in their shirt sleeves on the stools?"

Capt. Tanaka, his interpreter, then explained the American race-track betting system. The party, after a lively procession through the betting ring, passed to the club-house lawn and sat down to witness the first race.

Gen. Kuroki responded to repeated cheering by smiling his most Rooseveltian smile and raising his hat. Capt. Tanaka, who acted as a council of war on the bookmakers and in Japanese informed his comrades that Aletheus was given to him as an easy winner. A club house commissioner placed a small bet for the party. Aletheus won.

Twenty-five thousand people were present when the first race was run. Gen. Kuroki's party left the Hotel Astor shortly after 12 o'clock in two huge taxis. The trip to Long Island City via Thirty-fourth street was uneventful, except for kindly and noisy greetings from the crowd on the ferry-boat. Belmont Park was reached at 1:30.

He Tackles the Subway.

Brushing a myriad of so moulted off the face of Manchuria, facing the combined steel and vodka breath of the Russian army, and marching with a smile through a hall of shrapnel, bursting bombs and busy projectiles was a diversion for Gen. Baron Kuroki. But when he got into a Subway crush at the Grand Central Station in the evening hour to-day he had a real thrilling experience. He was a uniformed officer, a member of the Japanese army, who were piloting them to Governor's Island.

Captured in the Crush.
An express did not pull in until there was scarcely room to leave a sign on the station platform. When a red-eyed Broadway train finally thundered along Gen. Kuroki had become separated from his chaplains. He happened to be standing just before the door of a car when the train came to a stop. As the car began to open a dozen men hurried toward him and swept him along. The crowd heaped upon him for the open doors and spun him some more.

The gleady smile that always shined on the little General's features dwindled away and his eyes began to stare a little wildly as a big man in uniform grabbed him and tossed him into the crush. Gen. Ward and Capt. Johnson were fighting to get to their guesst, but they had about as much show as a sipping-bell at a football match. When at last they did reach the side of Kuroki several well-dressed gentlemen were treading on his little feet, while another reared an elbow in his eye. He was breathing a little heavily, but when it dawned upon him that he was still alive his smile returned.

Recognized at Last.
Capt. Johnson fought his way to his side and, turning to the men who were sitting in front of him, said: "Will some gentlemen kindly give a seat to Gen. Kuroki?"

Then a half dozen men rose and offered the distinguished visitor their seats. Among them John F. Curry, Ramsey leader of the Eleventh Assembly District. Salivating in return and smiling expansively Kuroki sat down with a gasp. His officers man-handled to squeeze alongside of him and Gen. Ward got a seat.

When the journey ended at the Hotel

CHILD DEEDS THE VICTIM OF A MAING BRUTE

Little Girl in the Bronx Attacked in Her Own Home.
Must Obey Court's Order and Pay Debts or Go to Jail.

Residents of the Bronx along Prospect avenue are aroused over another outrage of one of a band of miscreants against whom the police of the district seem unable to make any progress. The victim of the latest attack is ten-year-old Dorothy Yorkland, of No. 494 Prospect avenue, where she lives with her father and mother and nineteen-year-old brother. The child is seriously ill and under the care of a physician.

Three or four arrests in such cases have been made weekly for several months past, but the police have encountered great difficulty in prosecuting because of the reluctance of parents to face publicity. The case of the Yorkland child, however, is a peculiarly aggravated one. The little one, who is extremely pretty, with a fair skin, blue eyes and golden hair, was skipping the rope in front of her home, while her parents were still at the dinner table, when an assailant came along. Proceeding to a back porch, the assailant seized the child and carried her to the rear of the house, where he locked her in a room. The child was found by the mother, who called the police. The assailant was a man of about thirty years, of medium height and heavily built. He was well dressed in a black suit, checked with gray, and wore a brown bowler.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Yorkland were on the floor just above the cellar, they had no hint of the little girl's mistreatment until she staggered up to the parlor and swooned before them. Before they could draw from her just what had happened the man who attacked her had made his escape. Nevertheless, Mr. Yorkland, after summoning a physician and notifying the police, armed himself and, with his son, went out and searched through the neighborhood. In his state of mind, he said to-day, he would not have spared the little girl's assailant.

"Such unspeakable outrages as these," said Mr. Yorkland to-day, "have become alarmingly common in the Bronx lately. Two little girls near our home have suffered in the same way as my child, and I learned last night that there is a band of these monsters haunting the district. It has become unsafe to allow children to play in the streets, these wretches have become so bold."

The child describes the man who lured her into the cellar of her own home, declaring that he had come to attend to the awnings. She says he is about twenty-one years old and very dark. He was of medium height and heavily built. He was well dressed in a black suit, checked with gray, and wore a brown bowler.

Must Pay or Go to Jail.
"I must adjudge the judgment debtor in contempt of court," said Judge Findlay in contempt of court, "for failing to pay the amount of the judgment—\$40.91, with interest, \$30 cost of the proceeding and \$10 costs of this motion, to be paid within three days. If he fails to do so, I will commit him to jail for ten days, with the understanding that he shall be discharged by further order of this court."

Sad Tale of His Wife.
The Count George married a New Jersey noble woman in Jersey City, June 1, 1898. About a year ago he sued for an annulment, claiming that the Countess Matilda had concealed from him that she was a Jewess. She countered with a suit for a separation on the ground of cruelty, and told the court that she had been married to him for a year and a half, and that she had been living with him in Jersey City, N. J., for a year and a half. She claimed that she had been living with him in Jersey City, N. J., for a year and a half, and that she had been living with him in Jersey City, N. J., for a year and a half.

Joe Gorda, an industrious German, came to America led on by the glowing tales of easy wealth which he had heard written back to the Fatherland and went to Chicago. After a few years of patient toil he established a home at No. 1008 Lincoln street and sent back money to bring over his wife and little daughter. They arrived here on the morning of the 15th of last month, and the vessel passed quarantine the doctors pronounced little Anna suffering from measles. She was sent to the Ellis Island Hospital, and the mother, Mrs. Anna Gorda, went with her.

On Thursday little Anna died, and the mother's grief was terrible. Alone in a strange land, with only one loving heart to console her, the mother poured out the sorrow which was driving her mad. The nurses and attendants tried to soothe her, but Mrs. Gorda, who was waiting patiently in Chicago, Tuesday afternoon she disappeared.

A search was made of the island and then as no woman was found the attendants searched the waters about the island. Yesterday a letter was received from Gorda asking the authorities to give him some information as to the whereabouts of his wife and child. He had expected to see them in Chicago. The officials dared not reply until they had verified their fears. Today Capt. Gorda learned that his wife and child had been expected to see them in Chicago. The officials dared not reply until they had verified their fears. Today Capt. Gorda learned that his wife and child had been expected to see them in Chicago.

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STRIKEBREAKERS QUIT PIERS; JOIN 'LONGSHOREMEN

Two Hundred Men On Wilson Line Add to the Big Army of Supplanters Who Stop Work to Enlist With 'Longshoremen.

By employing the same tactics of secret argument which had already proved so successful the striking 'longshoremen tied up the French line pier to-day. Eighty-five of the one hundred strike-breakers who had been employed on the French wharves suddenly threw down their bale-hooks and marched out into West street, where Walking Delegate Dan Delaney, of the union, and a delegation of strikers awaited them. Then the whole crowd paraded to union-headquarters, with the wives and children of the strikers cheering them at every step.

The 'longshoremen had scored the fourth big victory within twenty-four hours in their campaign of peaceful persuasion among the men who were brought in by the big transatlantic lines to take their places.

This forenoon the dock superintendent, Capt. Pennell, indicating No. 45 "That's all the men we need, and we are doing very well indeed."

At strike headquarters, the men in charge were jubilant. They said it would take 1,000 experienced men twenty-four hours to clear the White Star piers.

Bravery at Fire Wins Support.
The cause of the 'longshoremen received a big impulse when it was told along the water-front how fifty of these men had risked their lives in checking flames that started in the Morgan line pier, and which, only for them, would have caused the most destructive blaze along the docks for years.

When the fire shot up from the Morgan line pier, at the foot of Canal street, the strikers were talking about on the water. There were 30 barrels of turpentine and tar oil on the pier, which extended 50 feet out into the river, and every man who entered the big gangway took his life in his hands.

The strikers burst through the flames and smoke like soldiers on a charge. They grabbed the barrels of oil, and almost before the first engines arrived to give battle to the flames the last barrel had been rolled out into the street, and not one was scorched.

When the fire was discovered it swept through the pier with the speed of a man running. Three alarms were sent in. The walls of the pier were weakened and the smoke made breathing almost impossible, while the flames were blistering hot. The fire was all about the volunteer workmen, but not a man hesitated, even though the clothes of some of them caught fire and their hair and beards were singed.

When the firemen arrived they marvelled at the bravery of these men. They made no mention of the fact that they were strikers out of work and that what they were doing was for public good and not for pay. There was none of them in the employ of the Morgan line.

At the White Star piers to-day Port Capt. Pennell and Dock Superintendent Watson insisted that they had all the men at work they needed.

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